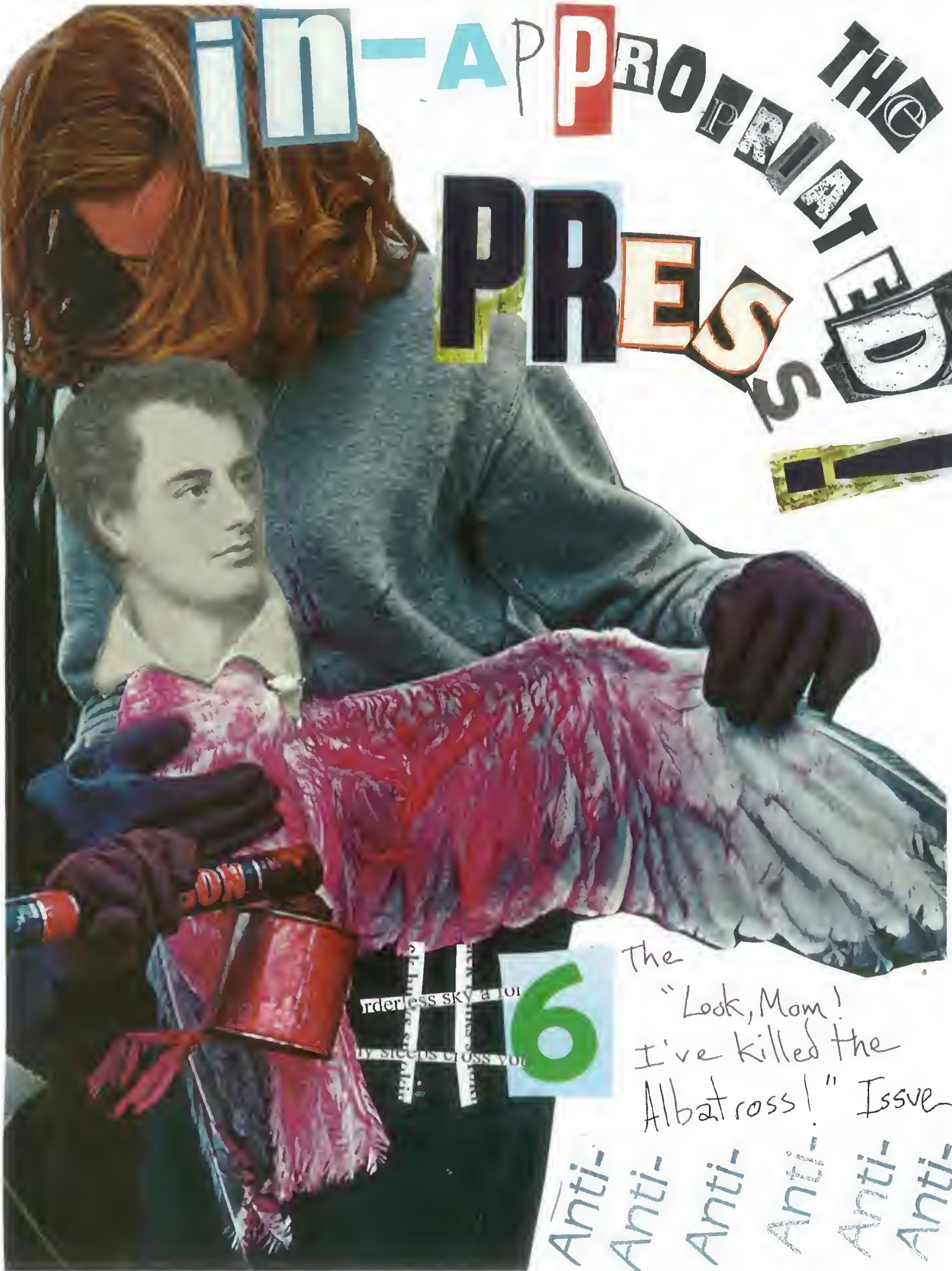


in-A PROPER THE PRESIDENT



orderless sky a lot
my side is cross you

6

The
"Look, Mom!
I've killed the
Albatross!" Issue

Anti-
Anti-
Anti-
Anti-
Anti-
Anti-

[fill in the blank] Dimension of The Pee Experience

THE IN-APPROPRIATED PRESS



Lexoe & Wilhelm Katastrof

Go to <https://archive.org/details/Landslide-LexoeKatastrof2017> to listen to noise piece

The False History of Trash Art is [fill in the blank]

Featuring:

Lexoe
Edwin Birch
Wilhelm Katastrof
Jim Leftwich
Joe Abel
Olchar E. Lindsann
Musicmaster
Sian Baxter
Amy Oliver
Bailey Bowers
William Repass
Juanita Chriss
Megan Blafas-Chriss
John M. Bennett
C. Mehrl Bennett
Evan Damerow
Donald W. May
Warren Fry

Perpetrated with GustUPo
in Roanoke, Virginia



June A.Da. 101/A.H. 187
(2017 for Lame-os)

Submit yr shit to: monoclelash@gmail.com

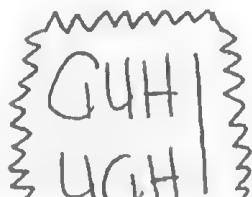


BRAINS!!!

embroider this!



Flying
Brains



Megan Blafas-Chriss

[fill in the blank] statements by
C. Mehrl Bennett scattered throughout

WET FLOOR

throw caution to the wind chamber

garb frippery sluice gape gauze inducing goosestep colon

sweeper pheromonal moan al denté carbonaric

olives squinch and spume and

splatter in whooping gobs broth reflecting outside mark

tracked in trucked in manure pet peeve port hole

fur burn imploring emigré spear head

velveteen ropes sag power line like between

stanchions a slippery slope the viscera slopping

pulverized to slime by ickle boot heel tyres

parquet like strips of

carne a glowing quiver flabrous

sordid under ultra violet orchids gore stampled scrapple slurp

menstrual caftan zone but bucket-bucket chains foaming up it

with suds with suetonial suds explore explore

flag strab

fuchsia polyp

skates gleam on lozenge map slick slate go clack click clack on

sheer sheeny plaque the gates all sluiced up until

only SUET LORE slips through

William Reppass

Edwin Birch

Vim Vom Vim.Vom



foretext

f eel me f eet o

hendoscopic ssmore

RELAPSANT ARMPIT

an yr rendospoon oñ

fruit un char de feu

(J-M de Heredia) 's hot

ice replied yr eyes

seal my teeth yr

whirl relearned a Boy

Soaked SWEATA

LACKE ay siezure

siezed a fork di

vision ! ni vista

genética crece ni

sonido sonado the

puzzle fogs and

dribbles on the floor

John M. Bennett

Zine Review

Fiddler's Green: Peculiar Parish Magazine, Vol. 1, No. 3, Sat. Aug. 20, 2016. ed. Clint Marsh. Wonderella: Berkeley, California. Wide Half-Sheet, 36 pp.

The esoteric journal *Fiddler's Green: Peculiar Parish Magazine* came to me in an auspicious manner: unexpected in my mailbox, postmarked from a place where I have no collaborators or correspondents that I could think of (it's taken me so long to get around to writing this that I forget where; Indianapolis?), without any explanation or note. The masthead declares itself, "Art & Magic for Tea-Drinking Anarchists, Convivial Conjurors & Closeted Optimists." The 36-page journal is lovingly designed and produced: printed on folded legal-sized paper for a wide page in three columns, adorned with ornaments and vignettes, with a fold-over green cover densely illustrated with embossed metallic title; it is reminiscent (on a more humble budget) of the finely-crafted radical publications of the Arts & Crafts movement such as Elbert Hubbard's *The Phlistine* and those of William Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites. Even the few adverts are consistent with the aesthetic of the whole: a combination of Art Nouveau and neo-Pagan sensibilities. The anarchism mentioned in the title, while strictly on the level of what Bey calls Ontological Anarchism, is genuinely reflected in the ethic of the publication. Work by the editor Clint Marsh is in the public domain, and while donations are welcomed, the entire contents bear witness to the potlatch ethic of the journal. The correspondence section is extensive and speaks both to the sense of community in the readership and the wide range of contexts in which it operates, from hermits without internet access in the rural south to communities of Wiccan prisoners; the ample reviews and extensive obituary notice for Marsh's collaborator Michael Howard reflect the same.

The magazine synthesizes a number of approaches to transforming thought: chaos magic, self-help, pantheist paganism, utopian socialism, hoodoo, psychogeography, traditional occultism, and others. Mitch Horowitz's "Mind Power: A Manifesto" directly addresses this synthesis, arguing convincingly enough that "New Thought" and self-help practices reflect similar epistemological assumptions as traditional hermeticism, and offer legitimate sources for technique, and explores the historical relationships between hermeticism, the Spiritualist movement. I was most excited by the essay "Our Bogeys, Our Shelves: The Magician's Library as Mentor, Companion, and Oracle," unsigned but presumably by Marsh, which is both a bibliographic autobiography and a meditation on bibliomancy and the intertwining of subjectivity and the library. A pair of texts about the symbol of the Sphinx were rather what I might predict, but then too my immersion in Symbolist literature and art may make me a harsher critic here. A text on an apocryphal secret spiritualist society called the Ladics of Happenstance seems to be a fictionalized review of an art exhibition. A short article on the relationship of landscape to the modeling of thought is accompanied by a visual guide to various landscape features, accompanying the point that acquiring a more detailed vocabulary for environmental features will lead to more sophisticated relationships with them. A formula for auto-suggestion by the psychologist Emile Coué from 1922 is also reprinted, and a couple reflective pieces that ring too much of Thoreau for my jaded post-Dadaist sensibilities.

What I find refreshing about the journal is its focus on practical, accessible *practice*, what Horowitz in his manifesto calls, "*a theology of results*." The resulting lack of dogma not only allows the cross-pollination of traditions whose languages and styles of thinking run counter to each other, but also a genuine and deep sense of tradition which speaks as lightly, capable of putting down the baggage of that tradition in order to speak more easily in a tone that is casual, intimate, yet articulate and capable of play.

Olchar E. Lindvall



Sauer Kraut & Wiener in [fill in the blank] Rotation

BE BLANK

Why After 33 Years a [fill in the blank] Crossed the Urethra Wire

ZAQUM

embolder

mot h m
outh 's
ilencio il
eso ,es e

John M. Bennett

Lick Run

published irregularly since 2012

edited by jim leftwich

all texts and/or images must be black and white
no email submissions accepted
(i can't consistently afford the ink to print them)
all submissions must be sized to
fit the tlp format (4.25" x 5.5")

send to:

JIM LEFTWICH
525 10TH ST SW
ROANOKE, VA USA 24016

i'd like to have the next issue out in
time for AfterMAF festival (July 2017)



Sian Baxter

Shit Town, Shit Fuck (SNN) US Top Shit Total Clump on Sunday shat a shit to the shitters of more than 50 Shit Covered shit stands to shit his shit show for US-Shit Covered shit moves. (shit-leaks trans-shit, pt 1.)

I want to thank the King Shit Ass for his shitty shits, and the shitty Shitdom of Shit Fuck for shitting today's shit show. I am shitted to be shit by such shitty shit heads. I have always heard shit about the shittiness of your shit box and the shit smell of your shit heels, but shits do not do true shit to the shit gloss of this shit slick shit pile and the shit soiled shit care you have shitted to us from the moment we shitted. You also shitted me in the shit rich shitting room of a great shit talker, the first shitter of the Shit Fuck who shitted your great shit faces. Shitting alongside another beloved shitter – Shit Stain, Total Shit, Shit for Brains – King Shit Fuck began the enduring partnership between our two shit stands. King Shit Ass: your shit dad would be so beshitted to see that you are shitting his old shit -- and just as he shit the first shit steps in our partner-shit, today we shit a new shit step that will shit shitting shit fits to all of our shit heads. Let me now also shit my shitty and shit felt shit love to each and every one of the distinguished pieces of shit who were able to shit here today. You shittily shit us with your shit waft, and I send the warmest shartings from my shit stain to yours. I know that our shitting together will shit many holy shits to both your turds and mine.

Warren Fry



Evan Damerow

pat Riot

~~~~~  
 "edom's bloodless banners way"

-Percy Shelley, "To the Republicans  
 of North America"

~~~~~  
 "erventes que le fanatisme religieux et
 politique. Que"

-Paul Foucher, "Memoires de Lord Byron"

~~~~~  
 que// the crupper alter, kept  
 a,nemia of nations  
 ,gnaw yet peacely,  
 chal ice ,yet crystal fanning  
 wh'ere Le Pen dip smears wh  
 'ere tism gyres ,May b/udded  
 au ster//ity ,wh'  
 ere Trumpt re fU  
 gees, lease flailing ,flags et polite  
 sse le natic, s treaming p  
 rayers rains des bullets doll  
 ar featherd platelets fall  
 en skin'ash lash polit  
 ely , r'ation , w'ave

-Olchar E. Lindsann

KAMOG!  
 itnA nuehT Anti-

↑  
 Musicmaster



Rat Salad Shooter  
in a sprite wig  
pointing at Orion.  
drugs in socks  
ab scabs

yellow water  
rounds  
sing  
I've built s  
above, pri  
5 2 3 3 5 2  
0000000000

000000  
letters, in a  
a cross wor  
a door (4) a  
on a stepdo  
expect, arr,  
(won too  
counting  
2, two  
cou  
No

dam your hips

his day, G  
aly dipped R  
en table, white  
ashes in his el  
Before he  
he soa  
In the la  
the la  
Consp  
have such enormous fingers!

chapter  
Mr. Plinke  
no d lines  
titled clockwork  
Rat poem #2

only the remains  
of the sunsiding despair  
travel and action  
beer

04/25-05/13/07

olchar  
Linsann et al.

46-YT-2B-72914GP-10

where ions to contralto a fattened heart of cen  
two sexes then three at the margins: an abracada  
sandstorms eroding mounds of bland, overly-detached text:  
the face of this journey's squared, bitter hallelujah: brides  
profligate map



okm  
corporate  
SYSTEMS

age of your  
p dancer thumb  
whine foggy melt th  
while eating through the sunk  
I was sunk with ,pestilence, m  
ilpiess drenching of your cuffs lig  
sunk I was inching toward the sch  
sunk with toads and ice and gristle

08 hands-off approach culminate  
07 an artist sits & shrimps his handfish  
06 emergency revolver polishing  
05 lemonized furniture  
04 a suitable tri  
03 science ticks in  
02 a bucket of garter snakes  
01 is this the pardoned firstfruits

R, NIGHT

room floor an lift it  
the disk



stone quiet, stone cold, stone calm  
Pearl gloss of breast  
of dirty hip  
rowing her h

Brittaum bmttrdbmt.  
fml spk POW POW POW

breathe wet, and  
gliss

REIN  
IN

blue yes  
milk head  
snoo

ble cross not

ss

-but- no

No d  
NI not  
Just  
Negat  
Double

WATER  
WATER  
WATER

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NING WATER  
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RUNNING WATER  
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STUDY

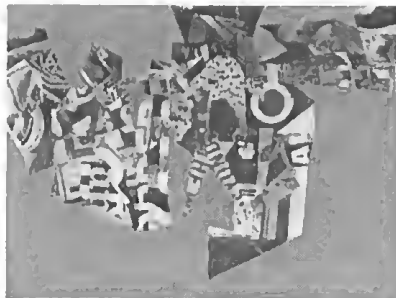
**dal masoor ka shorba**  
by Evan Damerow

I'm sitting here  
on the other end  
of the world  
drinking the  
cheapest bottle  
of wine that the  
local  
supermarket  
had available.  
I've just  
finished doing  
all the work for  
tonight's dinner.  
The chopping  
and blanching,  
frying and  
stirring,  
measuring and  
mixing is all  
done now. A  
slow simmer is  
taking care of  
the rest.

As I rattled my  
dags in the  
kitchen the two  
women that will  
share this meal  
with me were  
busy in the  
garage. When I  
went out to  
check on them  
their hands  
were covered in  
black grease.  
They had just  
dismantled a  
bicycle, packed  
it up for  
shipping over  
seas, a feat I  
must admit I  
could not  
emulate.

So tonight the  
guy was in the  
kitchen while  
the ladies were  
cut in the  
garage doing  
mechanical  
things. I'm  
gladdened that  
whatever else is  
going on in my  
life, this  
reversal of the  
historically  
dominant  
gendered  
division of  
labour feels so  
normal and  
natural. As I sit  
and ponder this  
with a half  
cocked smile  
and a glass of  
cheap wine I  
ponder its  
providence.

The meal I'm  
cooking tonight  
is an Indian  
dish, at least in  
some respects.  
I'm making a  
dal masoor ka  
shorba, which  
just means sour  
red lentil soup.  
Its *sor* comes  
from some  
lemons growing  
outside the front  
door of this  
terribly cold  
flat. Throughout  
most of New



Musicmaster

Juanita Chriss

# Vim Vom Barr

ex cavation

ever d itched in  
hollow gazed a  
shattered b owl

beneath a stone rat  
tled house talking  
earth untied the

mud you watch yr  
hands en circle  
dig what blood

beneath yr skin is left

John M. Bennett

cont.



(cont.)

Zealand a frost  
is almost as  
unlikely as a  
rental with  
insulation,  
double glazing,  
or central  
heating.

My only claim  
to authenticity  
when cooking  
Indian food is I  
once had an  
Indian best  
friend. He and  
his family lived  
across the street  
when I was  
growing up. For  
awhile Our  
families kind of  
adopted each  
other. I got to  
see what  
growing up in  
an extended  
family with a  
traditional  
gendered  
division of  
labour was like,  
something  
totally foreign  
to my western  
nuclear family  
isolate. Any  
chance I got I  
lived in their  
kitchen and  
watched  
grandma and  
the aunts  
cook. Maybe  
my mad desire  
to be in the  
kitchen was  
why they  
always called  
me 'Crazy  
Boy'. I watched  
the aunts cook  
many things  
back then but I  
never saw them  
make a dal  
masoor ka  
shorba.

Food is great. If  
there was a god  
of food, I would  
be a devotee. If  
there was a god  
of food, they  
would be a very  
modern god.  
Back when  
most pantheons  
were still in  
high fashion  
food didn't  
appear as if by  
magic in a  
supermarket.  
Back then  
people knew  
where their  
food came  
from, so there  
were planting  
gods, harvest  
gods, gods of  
fertility and of  
rain. There were  
gods of wine,  
because wine is  
magic, but there  
were no gods of  
food because  
the magic of  
food was  
always  
elsewhere.

I imagine that  
any iconic or  
figurative

(cont.)



ADHESIVE STRIP

keen fork &  
rash shyly &  
mocked crotch  
corked id &  
slick heels &  
fraud slinky  
sloughed lint &  
mug brows &  
gap eyes  
dyed pink  
& mood's ore  
& zoo knob  
amok mob  
runt agape  
& hone twigs  
& quaint muck  
& flag meat  
trunk husk  
tusk snaps  
gator quick  
& squall shock  
lucky slap &  
loll phase  
& lap gloss &  
ran flaps  
shy yurt  
furred mouth &  
food d'or but  
rind singed but  
moon's filth but  
mask shucks but  
drill tone  
id phone  
sore spoons &  
stockings overall

William Repass



Joe Abel

plates o' form

the die die suit's a' tune shat  
toRe gas a seel Fork you knew  
seeper short Quails a nore a  
tube s lop time :il visera plus  
haut )R. Queneau( mas nunc a  
a a Float stinks top uh t able's F  
leet stop gas PPP off' - Reears of  
off' - it's duh ham steam Re  
foc'd double Toad Leg sops  
sky Re lease um it's wood B  
loomm. S Nake the drain OUT

John M. Bennett



The 11th  
Commandment

Bailey Bowers

CONT. ↗

You'll spend a lifetime

Building

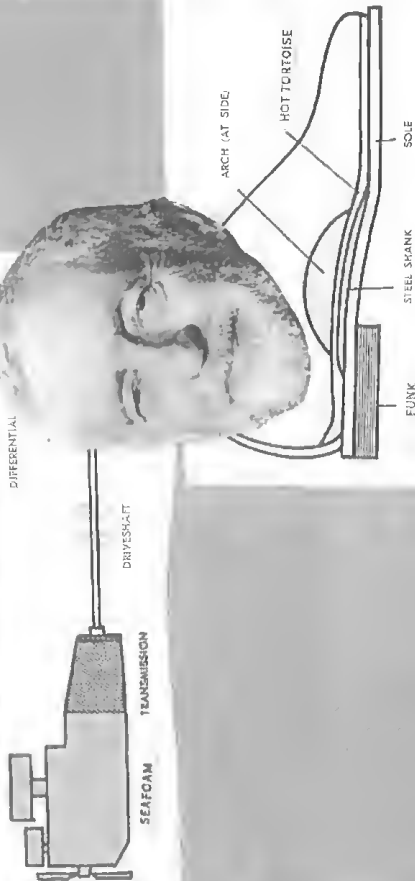
FOAM  
LOBE

(Beautiful, Durable, Resinous)

Evan Damerow

depiction of a  
god of food  
would follow  
the Hindu  
forms. I  
imagine they  
would be  
depicted (the  
god of food is  
an  
Aphrothermes, a  
Hermaphrodite)  
with 100 arms.  
In each arm  
they carry a  
modern kitchen  
implement or  
instant food  
item; an  
oven/stove  
combo unit, a  
dishwasher, a  
mixer, a food  
processor, jam  
jars, baking  
trays and boxes  
of cake mix, a  
frozen pizza.  
Above all else  
they are seen to  
be carrying a  
fridge. Since the  
first commercial  
application of  
refrigeration  
saw a shipment  
of lamb  
transported  
from NZ to  
England  
refrigeration has  
become a major  
unseen mover  
in our  
foodways, so  
ubiquitous as to  
go largely  
unnoticed, the  
chief invention  
to have reduced  
the amount of  
time required in  
the preparation  
of food.

WHAT KEEPS A DUCK AFLOAT?



You have the Problems? There The Encyclopedia Britannica or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences

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Edwin Birch

In the west our motivations to tend veggie patches, make preserves, eat with the seasons, or store food away for fallow times have changed considerably. We garden and make preserves for the pleasure of the foods produced, or the enjoyment of the activity. We eat with the seasons as a declaration of social status, or adherence to a social trend. We stock food because we're scared Barry is going to try and steal all the bullets away, or the zombies will sweep down from the hillsides, or the commies are gonna come after us from a secret base they've been holed up in on the far side of the moon. But then maybe we

Cont. ↘

cont.

don't have to be conspiracy nut preppers to worry that one day the food god is going to be displeased and his temple, the supermarket, will lie barren. Once upon a time we did things because if we didn't do them, we weren't going to eat

I imagine the refrigerator as an object worthy of veneration. I'd like to see this world get to where we're all okay with our guys in the kitchen slaving over a hot stove while our gals are in the tool shed fixing stuff and getting their hands dirty, heading into the kitchen only long enough to saunter over to the fridge for another beer and to ask if dinner is almost ready. I'm no research historian or anthropologist, but I have an intuitive hunch that the current ubiquity of refrigeration and the invention and widespread adoption of the many domestic labour saving devices by every segment of society has contributed a great deal to enabling a couple of generations of western women to escape from societally mandated domestic servitude. Why slave in the kitchen when there's frozen pizza? Frozen pizza comes from the food god.

Evan Damerow

Musicmaster

## Order for Taco Times and Traditional [fill in the blank]

Food:  
things for

- through the consumption of food we save off death and gain the energy to do things NOTES:
- I'm pretty sure this is generally considered by most to be a good thing, for the most part some things feel better in your mouth than others, and chewing can be fun
  - If not fun outright, it can at least give you a sense of purpose (added ambience?) taste is enjoyed by a great number of people. Is this you? it can be fun to get together with people and try to engage in conversations as you chew most donuts

all fried chicken  
cheezits, arnotis cheds and cheese flavoured crackers generally (sorry anti-lacto gluten freedom-fighters)

things against

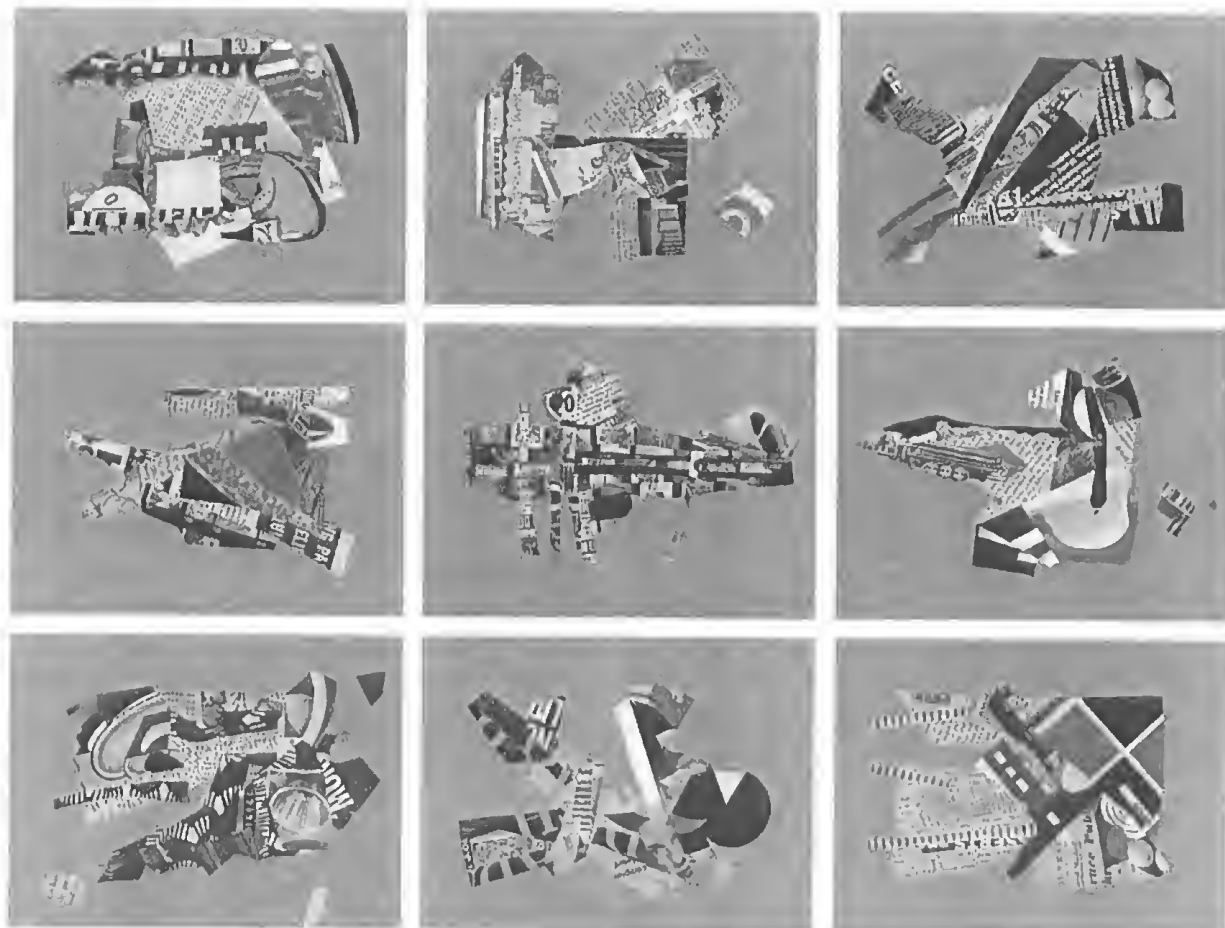
inconsistent distribution  
food production, distribution, and consumption as it currently exists  
NOTES:

- industrialised food production and distribution processes required to feed population (except those we don't like) means we don't know where food comes from, how to produce food, what a season is, how to lay up food for winter, etc., so next time some fucked up shit happens we're all going to kak, except for the preppers, who will live at least a couple decades longer on their MREs til their hearts explode from too much sodium consumption
- food "movements" that aim to "combat" these woes that are really just markers of class and prestige (farm to table, shopping at wholefoods, organic, list too long and boring)
- the neofascist/conservative/whorehating/anti-racistisation of our foodways
- fucking hipsters and their food
- fucking preppers and their food
- loud eaters chomping with their mouths open getting mess all over my nice white tableclothes
- chocolate humus
- pink pineapples

things I'm unsure about

mayonnaise  
our ability to support 7 billion people – food as an enabler  
semi-popped popcorn stuck in your teeth

Donald W. McKay



## Matt Taggart/Luer and Jason Soliday at Art Rat, May 23, 2017

Matt Taggart played at Art Rat studios on Tuesday. This is the fourth time he has played in Roanoke and the second time he has performed at Art Rat. For the earlier three visits he was on tour with Crank Sturgeon, but this time he was accompanied by Jason Soliday.

The first time he visited Roanoke, on May 12, 2010, he performed a series of fluxus event scores at The Water Heater during Collab Fest 46, including one on the sidewalk in front of the performance space:

zyklus, by tomas schmit:  
water pails or bottles are placed around the perimeter of a circle. only one is filled with water. performer inside the circle picks the-filled vessel and pours it into the one on the right, then picks the one on the right and pours it into the next one on the right, etc., till all the water is spilled or evaporated. (date unknown, probably early 1960s)

(Matt Anderson's Crank Sturgeon project for that night included stuffing 30-gallon garbage bags into his pants legs and filling them with water, then walking around outside and interacting with car vacuums and whatever else he came across). We stayed up late at my house talking about fluxus and related matters and Matt and I began corresponding when he got back to his home in Montana. The idea of writing collaborative event scores quickly became part of our conversation and before the year was out we had written a small book entitled Paired Event Scores. Here is one example:

psychogeographical game of the week #003

jim leftwich

walk from your house to the nearest copy shop  
pick up trash along the way  
do something with it  
do something else with it

psychogeographical game of the week #003.1

matt taggart

walk from your house to the farthest copy shop  
pick up trash along the way  
place trash in every garbage bin in copy shop

By the time of his second visit on May 21 of 2013 the Collab Fest series had ended and we were no longer using the Water Heater performance space, so over the course of several emails the two Matts

and I decided to begin with a house show at my house and finish with some collectively improvised antics where the Roanoke River runs through Wasena Park. Among other minimalist pieces, Matt Taggart performed a kind of fluxus ritual in my living room which consisted of placing a violin on a foil sheet on the floor and then taping the strings, placing candles along the length of the instrument and lighting them. The Crank Sturgeon performance included "bailing out the river" by writing a check on a huge sheet of paper for the sum of 1 trillion dollars ("pay to the order of The Roanoke River"), wading out into the river with it (assisted by Olchar Lindsann), and setting it adrift on the current.

I don't recall any water-related activities when the two Matts returned to Roanoke on September 19, 2015 and performed for the first time at Art Rat. It struck me during the PCRv performance that the structure of the piece seemed like it might owe a bit to Matt's work as a bassist in conventional musical settings. The idea was accepted as a valid perception when we talked about it at my house after the show.

On the night before his latest visit, Matt and Jason Soliday had a show in Dayton, OH, a six hour drive from Roanoke. It rained all day, which is another water-related event (or pre-event), making a long drive no doubt seem even longer. The Art Rat event was scheduled for 7, as usual, and also as usual (at least in my experience... for an array of reasons my attendance at these events has been sporadic at best of late) the first couple of hours consisted of random, scattered conversations (conversations before, between and after events have been essential components of those events ever since the first marginal arts festival in February 2008). Matt was the first person Sue and I saw when we arrived at the Art Rat space. We talked for a while about his move from Montana to Massachusetts and back to Montana last year, he explained his decision to create a new project, Luer, to replace PCRv (or maybe it would be more accurate to say supplement, since he told me the doesn't think he's entirely finished with PCRv).

When Matt got involved with his sound check I wandered across the room to join the conversation with Ralph Eaton and Warren Fry. Shortly thereafter I was approached by Annie Waldrop, a local painter who I had seen at events but didn't know and had never had an actual conversation with. She asked me if I had seen the film Kill Your Darlings (I haven't, but I have read about it and the events it covers) and from there we moved immediately into a discussion of "the new vision" which led to a long conversation about poetry, the arts, post-World War II countercultures and many related matters. This is the kind of thing that happens at these events. It's an essential part of what's important about them.

The next day at my house I asked Matt about the significance of the word Luer, which I wasn't familiar with (Wikipedia: The Luer taper is a standardized system of small-scale fluid fittings used for making leak-free connections between a male-taper fitting and its mating female part on medical and laboratory instruments, including hypodermic syringe tips and needles or stopcocks and needles. (Matt works as a Phlebotomist.)), and after a precise and practical definition he and Jason went off on a bit of an associational improvisation on the word (fishing lure being a favorite, with the notion of luring audience





cont.  
↓

members in during a performance, but there was also the suggestion from someone at an earlier show that it could be an anagram for "rule").

Meeting Jason was one of the highlights of this particular visit. Whenever Matt comes to town he stays at my house. I spend maybe half-an-hour watching and listening to him perform, and then, between the late night after the show and the next morning before he leaves, we spend five or six hours talking. On previous visits these conversations have been between the two Matts and myself, but this was the first time I had met Jason. During this visit, the three of us talked about process and control in noise performance and in writing, about parallel histories and micro-tours, about museums vs libraries, about the Witch Museum in Cleveland which includes in its collection a box with a demon in it, we agreed that neither experimental music nor writing is actually experimental, and Jason gave me a copy of his Convolution Hive box (in return for which I gave him a unique copy of my Improvisations Against Propaganda). I haven't had a chance to listen to the Convolution Hive cassette yet, but I've been through the booklet several times: black, lightly textured cover, not quite square -- four and a half by four and five eighths inches --, side-stapled twice, 12 translucent pages, on the left the titles of the pieces on the cassette (skull - shill : diesel reflex, running : pivot dismiss : funhouse graft : wasp dimensions : bunched, hiss : floated snares : scavenger pylon: vile electric spoke : terrace gears blown : cursed, A posts : minimal in gnawing), on the right a composition -- a "pile" -- of angular shapes, with variations from page to page, possibly a manipulated photograph of pallets and loose planks leaning against a wall, in any case iterations of a kind of constructivist abstraction. (I recall while proofreading this that Jason mentioned Kandinsky's compositions when we were talking about varieties of graphic scores and their possible art-historical influences.) The last page gives the names of the two sides of the cassette as Hallucigenia I and Hallucigenia II.

Matt gave me a copy of the Luer cd entitled Torpid Removal. It begins in a harsh mode reminiscent of PCRV, but about two minutes in it becomes ambient and -- dare we say so in such a context -- beautiful. Noise evolves. My ability to listen to noise evolves. I am reading the text on the back of the cd sleeve as I listen: "occasionally so. They vary much in size in different individuals." Matt mentioned outer space a couple of times in relation to the music of Luer. Taking that as a kind of permission (we talked at length about the idea of giving ourselves permission to do the kind of work we want to do, and by implication to live the kind of lives we want to live, in a cultural context that is not designed to reward us for doing what we want to do), I am going to say that some of what I am hearing from Luer on this cd is closer to Hawkwind than it is to Throbbing Gristle. I return to the text on the back of the cd sleeve: "There is sometimes a small vein passing through the foramen of Vesalius connecting the same parts." I gave him a copy of Volume One of Rascible & Kempt, with the following inscription: To Matt / In Roanoke / 05.24.2017 / You are welcome here any time.

jim leftwich  
05.25.2017

Vowels and Consonants [fill in the blank] When Zen Driving

Look them up! Learning to knit (cat in August)

## Roanoke Anti-Report: May/June or so, A.Da. 101 (2017)

Amtrak is on the way! That's right, if the shifty contractors speak true, this Rail Town will finally have passenger Rail Service by October (just as the Rail Shops close and leave, along with their jobs), thus ushering Roanoke into the glorious future promised to us in 1835. Much, much more importantly, things are shifting into rickety high-gear here Big, Big Lick for AfterMAF 2017—our third year, and jam-packed with performances, noise, poetry, films, lectures, comedy, installation, food, and all things Avant- or Sur- or Anti- or A- (*Don't miss it, folks!*), July 6–9. Issue #7 of the in-Appropriated will be devoted to AfterMAF and feature work by many of the regional and visiting participants. It will be quite the clusterfuck. The next issue of *Lick Run*, the micro-journal perpetrated by Jim Leftwich & sometimes Wilhelm Katastrof, will also feature an AfterMAF issue. Send him stuff! Much to my surprise, Jim's advert in the last issue brought in no submissions. (I'm getting to mine, I swear, Jim!)

Juanita Chriss has said ***fuck you!*** to statistics and is already reciting the alphabet, spinning out short sentences, and contributing drawings to shitty, disreputable zines, as you can see in this issue. She is also learning to bite her parents, a skill that she will have ample opportunity and cause to make use of over the coming years.

A less precocious child, Mr. Trump, has said ***fuck you!*** to the future of basically everything, and has launched a twitter campaign to set the national parks aflame, after plugging up every geyser in Yellowstone with a nuclear missile, as he stands boldly atop the tallest, most phallic, and leakiest of them all, fiddling–fiddling–fiddling like a madman. Theresa May, smarting from a Pyrrhic victory, is beginning to think she'd like to join him there. Betsy DeVry—sorry, I mean, DeVoss—is busily dismantling public education, so that his Herostratusian eulogy shall be readable only the few children of the elites to survive the class war that everybody seems intent upon seducing to our collective bed. Meanwhile, everybody knows everything about the Russians. Just ask.

Art Rat Studios has been the catalyst for a lot of chaos lately, with a ton of touring performers: Matt Taggart returned to Roanoke again with a new noise project *Luer & J. Soliday* (see Leftwich's report in this issue); Divorce Ring and Virgin Flower brought some ear-sizzling harsh noise; CGI Jesus from Richmond delivered a set of high-energy jazz that fell into metal rhythms and structures for large portions of their last piece; In the Sea (Tristan Honsinger, Nicolas Caloia, and Joshua Zubot) pulled their music in a net of directions. The show with the latter two, already bubbling, was made yet more memorable by the manifestation of the legend: Matt Ames turned up unexpected, direct from Saudi Arabia, riding a camel and hauling a huge, rusty trash-dumpster full of raw oil.

Even more exciting, more like minds (read: twisted, unmatchable minds) continue to find each other here in Roanoke, largely through Art Rat. The last couple months have featured sophisticated and mesmerizing sonic performances by SW Virginia acts Feralsan (Wayne Llewelyn), Khate Reutling, Tater Fraterbo (Jacob Lotti Courington), Neural Necrosis (Andrew Matthews), and softservo (Benton Spiker), as well as the band Omega Wolf.

It's up up up with the Roanoke Anti-Scene, and (I fear) down down down with the world as a whole. We carry on: ***Vim Vom Vim!***

~~Har~~char

*blit blat blit blat blit blat blit blat blit blat*

**DON'T MISS THE 3<sup>RD</sup> ANNUAL  
AVANT-GARDE EXTRAVAGANDAGANZA:**



**FEATURING PERFORMANCES , LECTURES , FILMS , SOUNDS , MOVEMENTS ,  
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***From Across the Country:***

Be Blank Consort (Sound Poetry) / John M. Bennett (Columbus, OH Performance Poetry) / Catherine Mehrl Bennett (Columbus, OH Performance) / Tom Cassidy, a.k.a. Musicmaster (Minneapolis, MN Avant-Comedy & Drinking) / Cilla Vee (Asheville, NC dance) / bela b. Grimm (Columbus, OH Post-Neo Collage) / GX Jupiter Larsen (Hollywood, CA Film) / Al Margolis (Chester, NY Free Improv) / Wayne Nelson (Minneapolis, MN Film) / Crank Sturgeon (Portland, ME Noise & Performance) / Reid Wood (Oberlin, OH Performance) / Jonah Woodstock (Guilford, NC Performance Poetry & Film) / Jack Wright (Easton, PA Improv) / Walter Wright (Lowell, MA Noise)

***From Roanoke & Environs:***

At the Moment No Idea, (Free Improv) / Megan Blafas-Chriss (Futurist Meal) / Bradley Chriss (Performance) / Brian Counihan (Puppets & Banners) / Ralph Eaton (Art Ratmosphere) / Feralcatscan (Noise) / Wilhelm Katastrof (Noise) / Olchar E. Lindsann (Sound Poetry) / Cambria McMillan-Zapf (Dance) / Neural Necrosis (Noise) / Khate Reutling (Noise) / Softservo (Noise) / Stool Sample (Noise) / Tater Fraterabo (Noise) / Mr. \* Thursday (Performance) / Jules Vasylenko (Free Improv) / and other

**Thursday, July 6 —Sunday, July 9**

**~^~^~^~@~@ Art Rat Studios, Roanoke VA ~@~^~^~^~**

***Presented by Associated Organisations, PseudOrganasations, & AntiOrganisations:***

Luna Bisonte Prods / mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press / Philosophy Inc / Post-NeoAbsurdist Antihood, Roanoke Lodge / Roanoke Rat Bastard Society / Star City Shadow School / Musicmaster & Tim Yaddow Anti-Endowments

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Irresponsible dog ownership:



Amy Oliver

SHOW AN EXPERT  
YOUR  
BALLS



peanut butter for birds



FEAR, TSARINA

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## trePan

"he *desideratum* of the thought which one  
despairs of attaining, and all the grace,  
buoy"

-Théophile Gautier, *Spirit Love* (1877)

"y spew dreams in a  
lake, yanked from my skull like a"

-John M. Bennett, *Milk Drool* (1991)

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-Olchar E. Lindsann

William Repass



June  
A.D. 101 / A.H. 187 / A.D. 2017

**mSnocle**  
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press